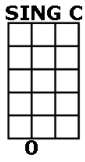


REMOTE REHEARSAL 11/9/20

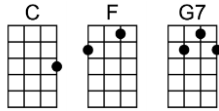
(2 or more songs on a line can be found on my “2 Page Medleys” page)

**When I First Came To This Land
I Just Want To Dance With You-A
A Foggy Day-C (listed under the letter “F”)
Lonely People
Armed Services Medley
Don’t You Worry ‘Bout a Thing
Up a Lazy River/Old Piano Roll Blues Ramblin’ Man
Let There Be Peace On Earth
Choo Choo Ch’boogie
Blueberry Hill
I Hear You Knockin’
Count Your Blessings-Bb
It’s Going to Take Some Time This Time (C)
Forever and Ever Amen
Penny Lane
Mammas, Don’t Let your Babies Grow Up to be Cowboys
Up Around the Bend-D
Sunshine (Irving Berlin)
All of Me/I’ve Heard That Song Before**



WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND

4/4 1...2...1234



Intro: | C | F C | G7 | C |

C F C G7 C G7 C
 When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man
 C F C G7 C
 Then I built my-self a shack, I did what I could
 F C G7 C
 And I called my shack "Break my back"
 C F C G7 C
 For the land was sweet and good, and I did what I could

C F C G7 C G7 C
 When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man
 C F C G7 C
 Then I bought my-self a cow, I did what I could
 F C G7 C
 And I called my cow "No milk now"
 F C G7 C
 And I called my shack "Break my back"
 C F C G7 C
 For the land was sweet and good, and I did what I could

C F C G7 C G7 C
 When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man
 C F C G7 C
 Then I got my-self a duck, I did what I could
 F C G7 C
 And I called my duck "Out of luck"
 F C G7 C
 And I called my cow "No milk now"
 F C G7 C
 And I called my shack "Break my back"
 C F C G7 C
 For the land was sweet and good, and I did what I could

p.2. When I First Came To This Land

C F C G7 C G7 C
When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man

C F C G7 C
Then I got my-self a horse, I did what I could

F C G7 C
And I called my horse "Lame, of course"

F C G7 C
And I called my duck "Out of luck"

F C G7 C
And I called my cow "No milk now"

F C G7 C
And I called my shack "Break my back"

C F C G7 C
For the land was sweet and good, and I did what I could

C F C G7 C G7 C
When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man

C F C G7 C
Then I got my-self a wife, I did what I could

F C G7 C
And I called my wife "The joy of my life" (or "Run for your life")

F C G7 C
And I called my horse "Lame, of course"

F C G7 C
And I called my duck "Out of luck"

F C G7 C
And I called my cow "No milk now"

F C G7 C
And I called my shack "Break my back"

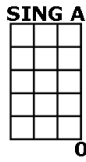
C F C G7 C
For the land was sweet and good, and I did what I could

C F C G7 C G7 C
When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man

C F C G7 C
Then I got my-self a son, I did what I could

F C G7 C
And I called my son, "My work's done"

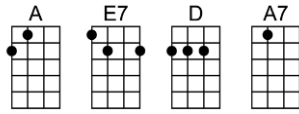
C F C G7 C G7 C G7 C
For the land was sweet and good, and I did what I could, and I...did...what...I could!



I JUST WANT TO DANCE WITH YOU

4/4 1...2...1234

-John Prine/Roger Cook



Intro: A (4 measures)

A E7
 I don't want to be the kind to hesitate, be too shy, wait too late

A
 I don't care what they say other lovers do, I just want to dance with you.

A E7
 I gotta feeling that you have a heart like mine, let it show, let it shine.

A A7
 If we have a chance to make one heart of two, then I just want to dance with you.

Refrain:

D A
 I want to dance with you, twirl you all a-round the floor

E7 A A7
 That's what they invented dancin' for, I just want to dance with you.

D A
 I want to dance with you, hold you in my arms once more

E7 A
 That's what they invented dancin' for, I just want to dance with you.

A E7
 I caught you lookin' at me when I looked at you, yes I did, ain't that true?

A
 You won't get embarrassed by the things I do, I just want to dance with you.

A E7
 Oh, the boys are playin' softly and the girls are too, so am I, and so are you.

A A7
 If this was a movie, we'd be right on cue, I just want to dance with you.

Refrain

Interlude: A E7 A A7

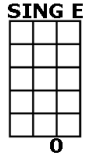
D A
 I want to dance with you, twirl you all a-round the floor

E7 A A7
 That's what they invented dancin' for, I just want to dance with you.

D A
 I want to dance with you, hold you in my arms once more

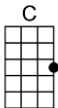
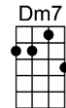
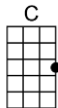
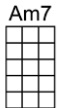
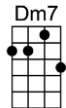
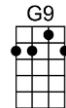
E7 A
 That's what they invented dancin' for, I just want to dance with you.

E7 A E7 A E7 A
 I just want to dance with you, I just want to dance with you, I just want to dance with you.

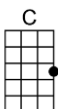
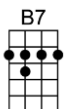
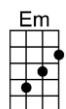
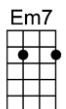
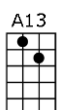


A FOGGY DAY - Ira and George Gershwin

4/4

I was a stranger in the city. Out of town were the people I knew

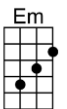






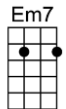
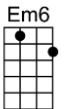
I had the feeling of self-pity. What to do? What to do? What to do?



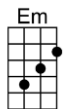
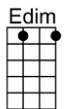
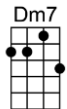
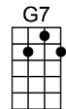
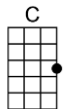
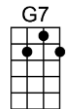


The outlook was de-cidedly blue.

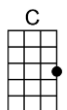
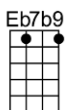
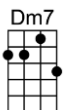
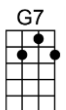
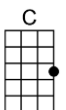
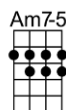
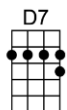
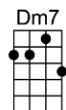
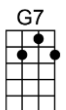


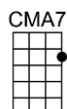
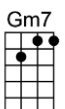
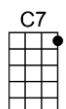


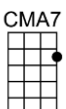
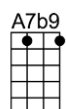
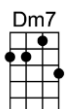
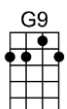
But as I walked through the foggy streets a-lone

It turned out to be the luckiest day I've known

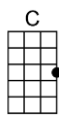
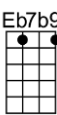
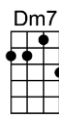
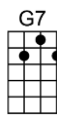










A foggy day in London town had me low and it had me down

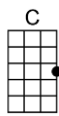
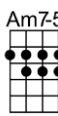
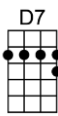
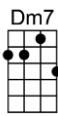
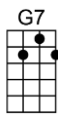
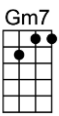
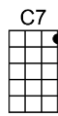
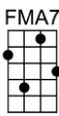
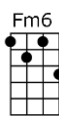










I viewed the morning with a-larm, the British mu-seum had lost its charm

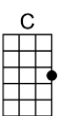
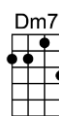
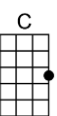
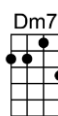

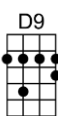
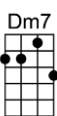
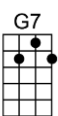
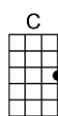
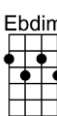
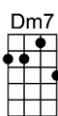
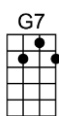
p.2. A Foggy Day

How long, I wondered, could this thing last

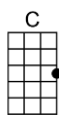
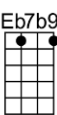
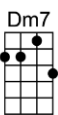
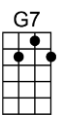
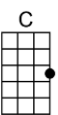
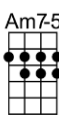
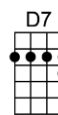
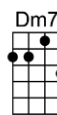
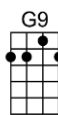










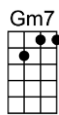
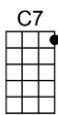
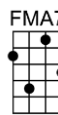
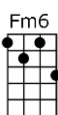
But the age of miracles hadn't passed. For sudden-ly I saw you there

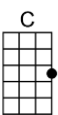
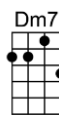
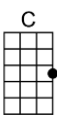
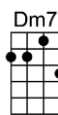
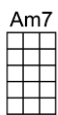
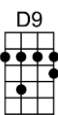
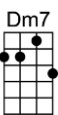
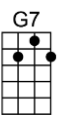
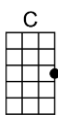

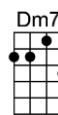
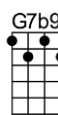
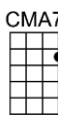
And in foggy London town the sun was shin -ing every -where.

Interlude:

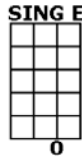










For sudden-ly I saw you there

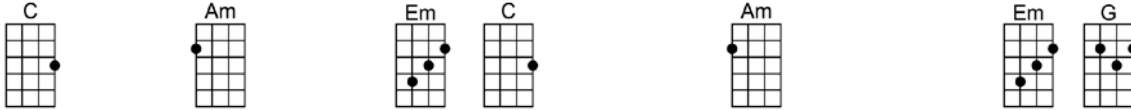
And in foggy London town the sun was shin - ing every -where.



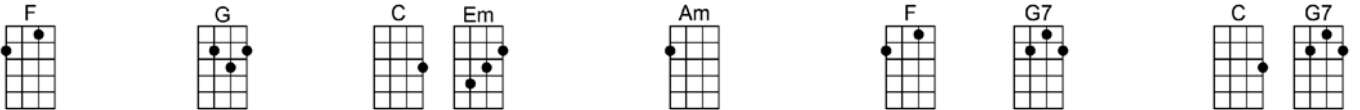
LONELY PEOPLE-America

4/4 1...2...1234

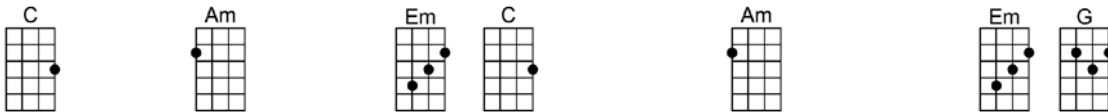
Intro: First 2 lines



This is for all the lonely people, thinking that life has passed them by



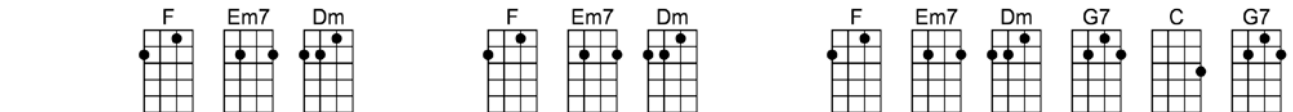
Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup, and ride that highway in the sky



This is for all the single people, thinking that love has left them dry

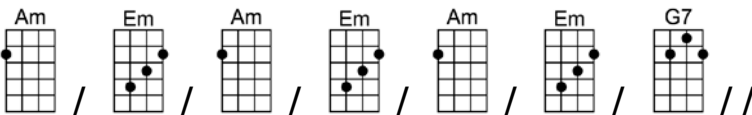
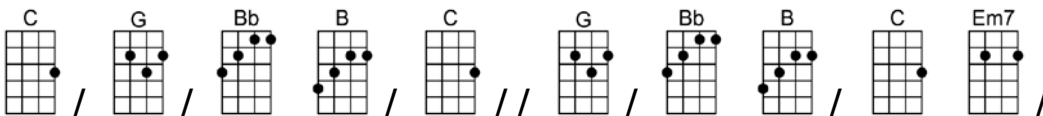


Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup, you never know until you try

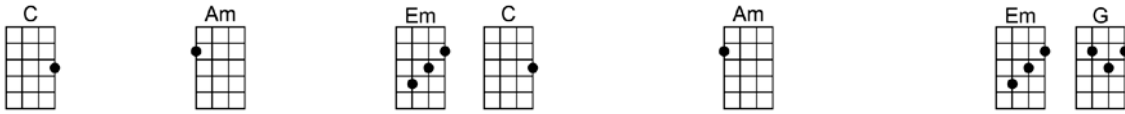


Well, I'm on my way, yes, I'm back to stay, well, I'm on my way back home

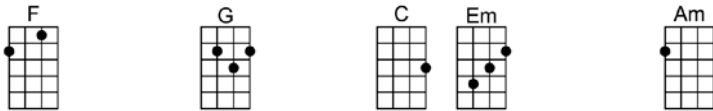
Instrumental:



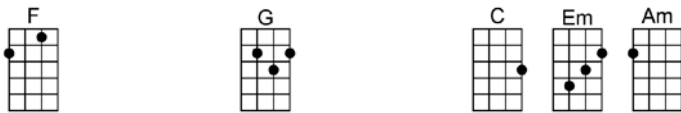
p.2. Lonely People



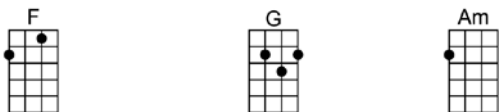
This is for all the lonely people, thinking that life has passed them by



Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup.



She'll never take you down or never give you up



You'll never know until you try.

LONELY PEOPLE-America

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: First 2 lines

C Am Em C Am Em G
This is for all the lonely people, thinking that life has passed them by

F G C Em Am F G7 C G7
Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup, and ride that highway in the sky

C Am Em C Am Em G
This is for all the single people, thinking that love has left them dry

F G C Em Am F G C
Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup, you never know until you try

F Em7 Dm F Em7 Dm F Em7 Dm G7 C G7
Well, I'm on my way, yes, I'm back to stay, well, I'm on my way back home

Instrumental:

C / G / Bb B / C // G / Bb B / C Em7 /

Am / Em / Am / Em / Am / Em / G7 //

C Am Em C Am Em G
This is for all the lonely people, thinking that life has passed them by

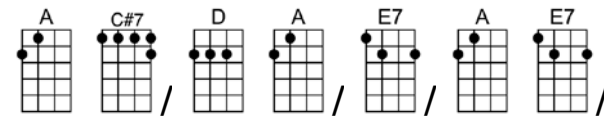
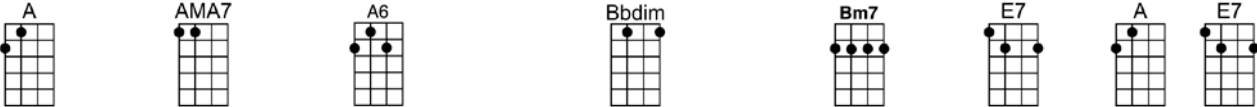
F G C Em Am
Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup.

F G C Em Am
She'll never take you down or never give you up


F G Am
You'll never know until you try.

THE ARMY GOES ROLLING ALONG

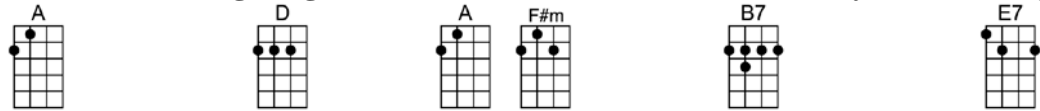
Intro:

Over hill, over dale as we hit the dusty trail, and the Caissons go rolling a-long.
 First to fight for the right, and to build the Nation's might, and The Army Goes Rolling A-long



In and out, hear them shout, counter march and right a-bout, and the Caissons go rolling a-long.
 Proud of all we have done, fighting till the battle's won, and The Army Goes Rolling A-long



Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the field artille-ry, shout out your numbers loud and strong,
 Then it's hi! hi! hey! The Army's on its way. Count off the cadence, loud and strong



For where'er you go, you will always know that the Caissons go rolling a-long.
 For where'er we go, you will always know that The Army Goes Rolling A-long!

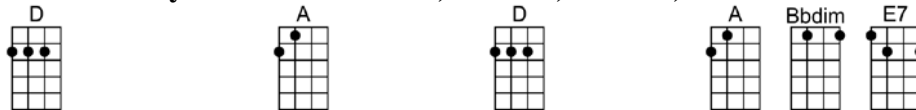
MARINES' HYMN



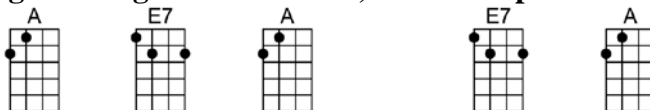
From the Halls of Monte-zuma to the shores of Tripo - li



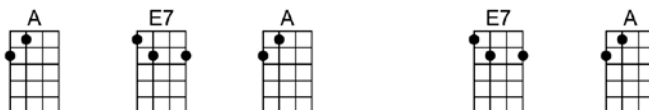
We fight our country's battles in the air, on land, and sea;



First to fight for right and freedom, and to keep our honor clean;



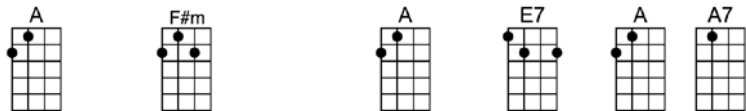
We are proud to claim the title of United States Ma-rine.



Yes, we're proud to claim the title of United States Ma-rine.

p.2. Armed Services Medley

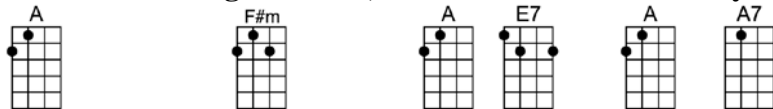
ANCHORS AWEIGH



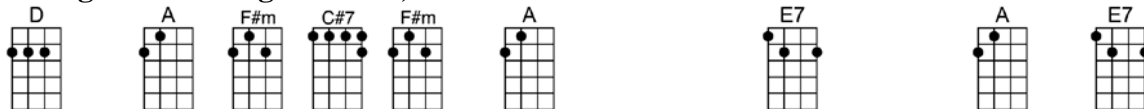
Stand Navy out to sea, fight our battle cry;
Anchors a-weigh, my boys, an - chors a-weigh



We'll never change our course, so vicious foe, steer shy-y-y,
Farewell to foreign shores, we sail at break of day-ay-ay

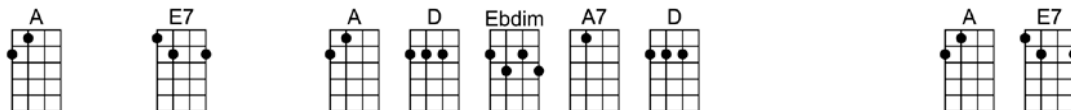


Roll out the T. N. T., An - chors A-weigh.
Through our last night ashore, drink to the foam

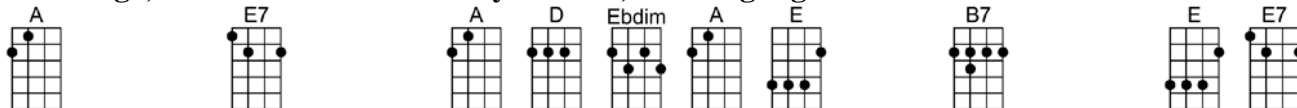


Sail on to vic - to - ry, and sink their bones to Davy Jones hoo-ray!
Until we meet once more, here's wishing you a happy voyage home

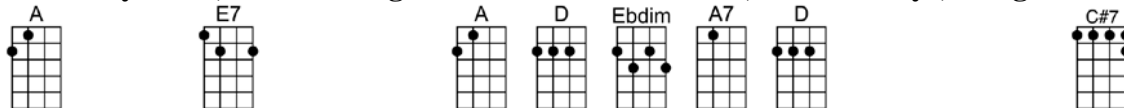
OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER



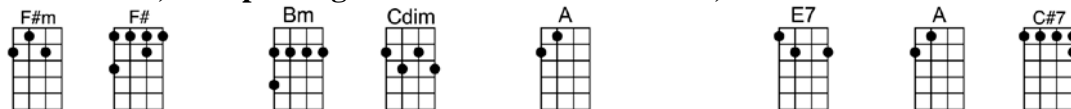
Off we go, into the wild blue yon - der, climbing high into the sun



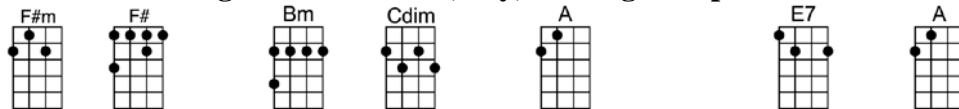
Here they come, zooming to meet our thun - der, at 'em boys, give 'er the gun



Down we dive, spouting our flame from un - der, off with one heckuva roar

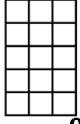


We live in fame or go down in flame, hey, nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!



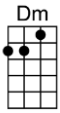
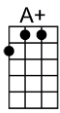
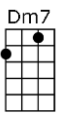

We live in fame or go down in flame, hey, nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

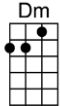
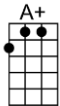
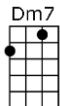
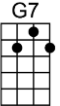
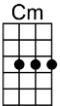

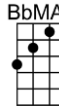
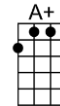
SING A



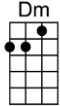
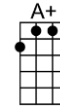
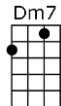
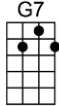
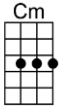
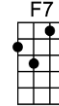
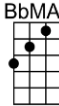
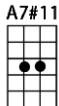
0 DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT A THING - Stevie Wonder

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: |  |  |  |  | (X2)

 |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

Every-body's got a thing, but some don't know how to handle it

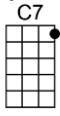
 |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

Always reaching out in vain, ac-cepting the things not worth ha - vin',

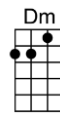
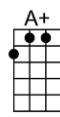
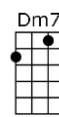

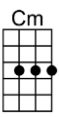
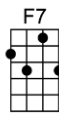
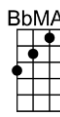
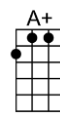
Chorus:

 |  |  | 

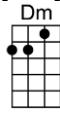
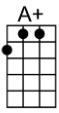
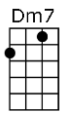
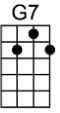
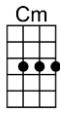
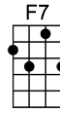
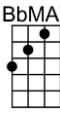
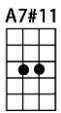
But, don't you worry 'bout a thing, don't you worry 'bout a thing, mama

 |  |  |  | 

'Cause I'll be standing on the side when you check it out


 |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

They say your style of life's a drag, and that you must go other pla - ces

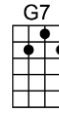
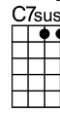
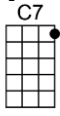
 |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

But just don't you feel too bad, when you get fooled by smiling fa-ces,

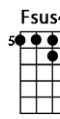
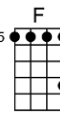

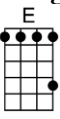
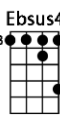
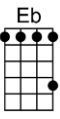

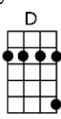
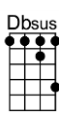
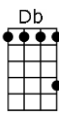
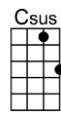
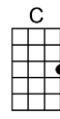
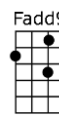
Chorus 2:

 |  |  | 

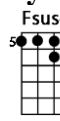
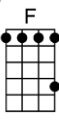
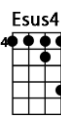
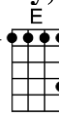
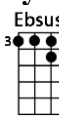
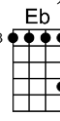
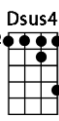
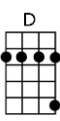
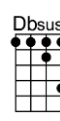
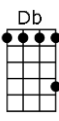
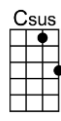
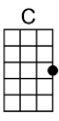
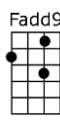
But, don't you worry 'bout a thing, don't you worry 'bout a thing, mama

 |  | 

'Cause I'll be standing on the side when you check it

 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

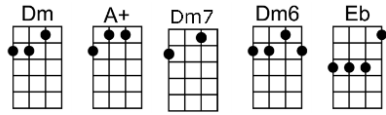
Out (play major chords only, if you want)

 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

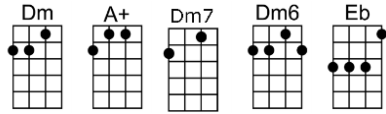
When you get off.....

your trip

p.2. Don't You Worry 'Bout a Thing



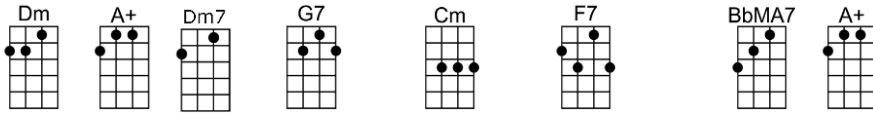
Don't you worry 'bout a thing...



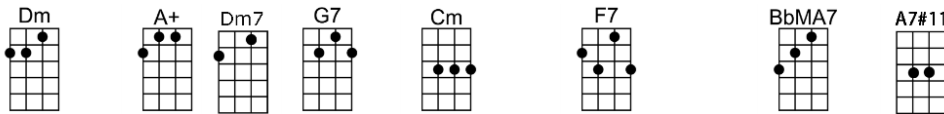
Don't you worry 'bout a thing...

Instrumental verse

Chorus 2



Every-body needs a change, a chance to check out the new



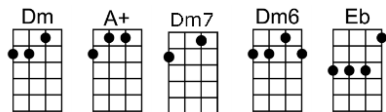
But you're the only one to see the changes you take yourself through



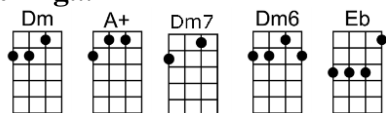
But, don't you worry 'bout a thing, don't you worry 'bout a thing, pretty mama



'Cause I'll be standing in the wings when you check it out

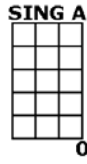


Don't you worry 'bout a thing...



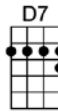
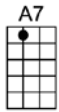
Don't you worry 'bout a thing...

(repeat line and fade)

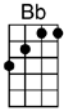
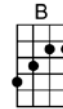
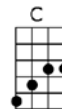
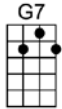


LAZY RIVER

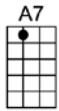
4/4 1...2...1234



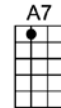
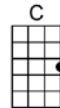
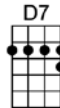
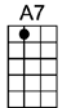
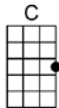
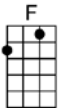
Up a lazy river by the old mill-run, that lazy, lazy river in the noonday sun.



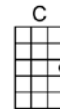
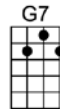
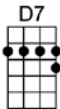
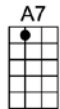
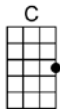
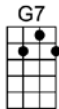
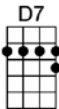
Linger in the shade of a kind old tree; throw away your troubles, dream a dream with me



Up a lazy river where the robin's song a-wakes a bright new morning, we can loaf along.

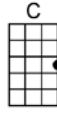
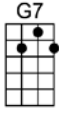


Blue skies up a-bove, everyone's in love; up a lazy river, how happy you can be,

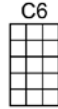
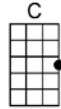
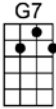


Up a lazy river.....without a paddle, up..... a lazy river..... with me

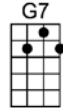
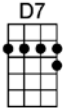
THE OLD PIANO ROLL BLUES - Cy Coben



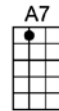
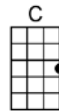
I wanna hear it again, I wanna hear it again, the old piano roll blues



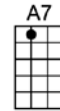
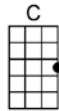
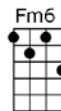
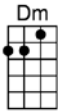
We're sittin' at an upright, my sweetie and me



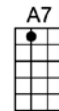
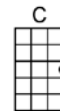
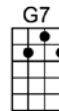
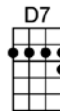
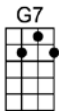
Pushin' on the pedals, makin' sweet harmo-ny



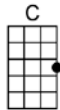
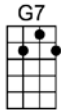
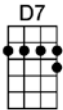
When we hear rinky-tink, and we hear plinkity-plink, we cuddle closer, it seems



And while we kiss, kiss, kiss away all of our cares, the player piano's playin' razzamatazz

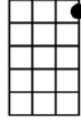


I wanna hear it again, I wanna hear it again, the old pi-ano roll blues,



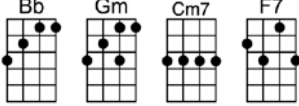
The old pi-ano roll blues

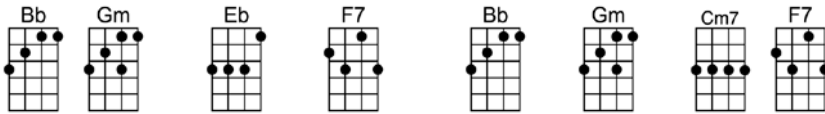
SING Bb



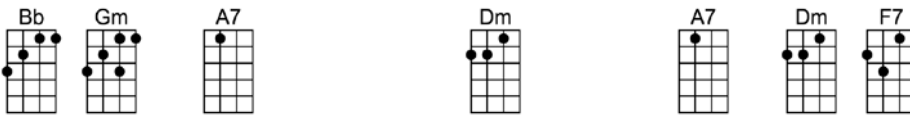
LET THERE BE PEACE ON EARTH

3/4 123 123

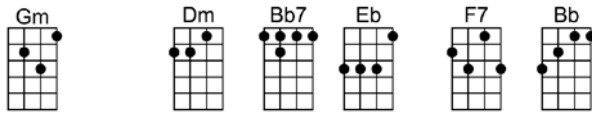
Intro:  **X2**



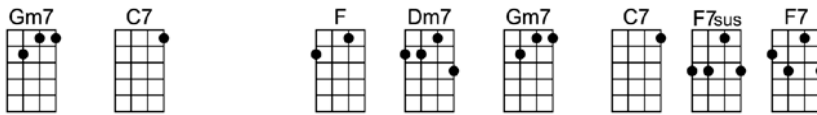
Let there be peace on earth, and let it be-gin with me



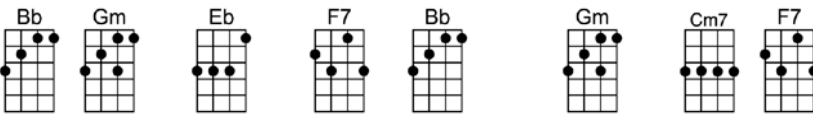
Let there be peace on earth, the peace that was meant to be



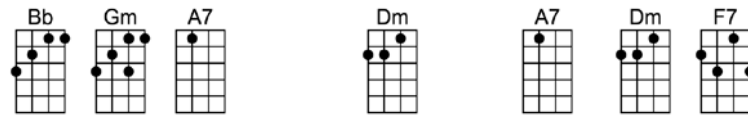
With God as our father, brothers all are we



Let me walk with my brother in perfect harmo-ny



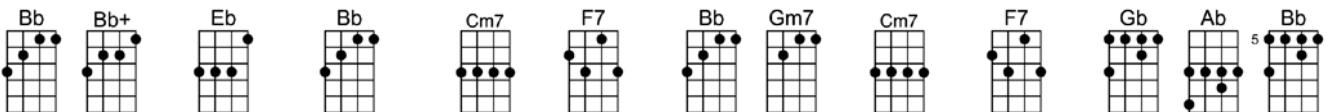
Let peace be-gin with me, let this be the moment now



With every step I take let this be my solemn vow.

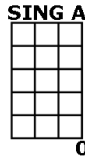


To take each moment and live each moment in peace eternal-ly



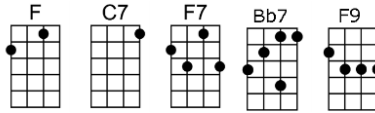
Let there be peace on earth, and let it be-gin with me,

Let it be-gin with me



CHOO CHOO CH'BOOGIE - Horton/Darling/Gabler

4/4 1...2...1234



Intro: | F | / | / | F C7 |

F
 Headin' for the station with a pack on my back
 F7
 I'm tired of transportation in the back of a hack
 Bb7
 I love to hear the rhythm of the clickity-clack
 F
 And hear the lonesome whistle, see the smoke from the stack
 C7
 And pal around with democratic fellows named Mac
 F Bb7 F F7
 So, take me right back to the track, Jack!

Bb7 F
 Choo choo, choo choo, ch'boogie! Woo woo, woo, woo, ch'boogie!
 Bb7 C7 F
 Choo choo, choo choo, ch'boogie! Take me right back to the track, Jack!

F
 You reach your destination, but alas and alack!
 F7
 You need some compensation to get back in the black
 Bb7
 You take your mornin' paper from the top of the stack
 F
 And read the situation from the front to the back
 C7
 The only job that's open needs a man with a knack
 F Bb7 F F7
 So put it right back in the rack, Jack!

p.2. Choo Choo Ch'Boogie

Bb7 **F**
Choo choo, choo choo, ch'boogie! Woo woo, woo, woo, ch'boogie!
Bb7 **C7** **F**
Choo choo, choo choo, ch'boogie! Take me right back to the track, Jack!

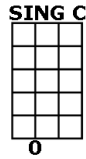
Interlude: First 6 lines

Bb7 **F**
Choo choo, choo choo, ch'boogie! Woo woo, woo, woo, ch'boogie!
Bb7 **C7** **F**
Choo choo, choo choo, ch'boogie! Take me right back to the track, Jack!

F
Gonna settle down by the railroad track
F7
Live the life of Riley in the beaten-down shack
Bb7
So, when I hear a whistle I can peek through the crack
F
And watch the train a-rollin' when it's balling the jack
C7
I just love the rhythm of the clickity clack
F **Bb7** **F** **F7**
So, take me right back to the track, Jack!

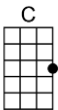
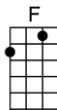

Bb7 **F**
Choo choo, choo choo, ch'boogie! Woo woo, woo, woo, ch'boogie!
Bb7 **C7** **F**
Choo choo, choo choo, ch'boogie! Take me right back to the track, Jack!

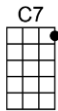
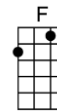

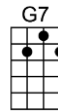
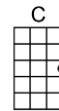

Bb7 **F**
Choo choo, choo choo, ch'boogie! Woo woo, woo, woo, ch'boogie!
Bb7 **C7** **F** **F9**
Choo choo, choo choo, ch'boogie! Take me right back to the track, Jack!



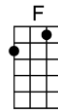

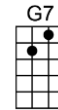

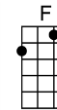
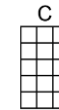
BLUEBERRY HILL

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: |  |  |  |

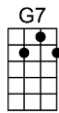

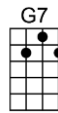
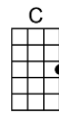
     

I found my thrill on Blueberry Hill, on Blueberry Hill when I found you

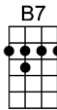
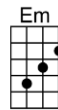
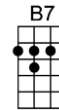
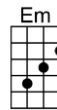
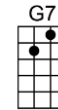
     

The moon stood still on Blueberry Hill, and lingered un-til my dreams came true.

CHORUS:

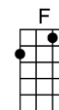
   

The wind in the willow played love's sweet melo-dy.

But all of those vows we made were never to be.

4

Tho' we're a-part, you're part of me still,

1

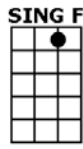
For you were my thrill on Blueberry Hill

(repeat chorus-"The wind....")

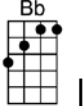
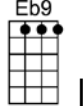
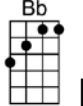
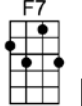
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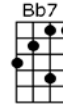
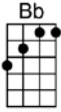
For you were my thrill on Blueberry Hill



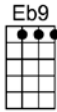
I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN' -Bartholomew/King

4/4 1...2...1234

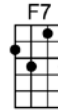
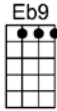
Intro: |  |  |  |  |



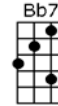
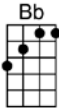
You went away and left me a long time ago. Now you come back knockin' on my door



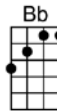
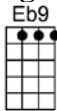
I hear you knockin', but you can't come in,



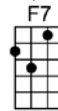
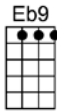
I hear you knockin', go back where you been



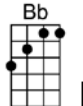
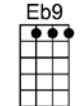
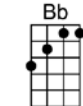
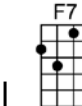
I begged you not to go but you said goodbye. Now you come back telling all your lies

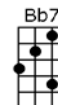
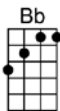


I hear you knockin', but you can't come in,

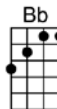
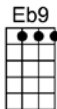


I hear you knockin', go back where you been

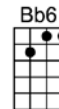
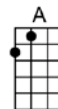
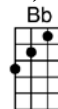
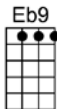
Instrumental break: |  |  |  |  |



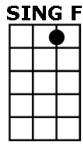
If you had a-listened a long time ago, you wouldn't be going from door to door



I hear you knockin', but you can't come in,



I hear you knockin', go back where you been



COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS - Irving Berlin

Intro:

Gm GmM7 Gm7 C7 Cm7 F7 Bb F7

Gm Dm Eb Dm Eb Dm Am7-5 D7

When I'm worried and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-stead of sheep

Gm GmM7 Gm7 C7 Cm7 F7

And I fall a - sleep, counting my bless - ings.

Gm Dm Eb Dm Eb Dm Am7-5 D7

When my bankroll is getting small, I think of when I had none at all

Gm GmM7 Gm7 C7 Cm7 F7 Bb

And I fall a - sleep, counting my bless - ings.

Gb Ebm Abm7 Db7 Gb

I think about a nursery and I picture curly heads

Gb Ebm Bb Ebm6 Cm7 F7

And one by one I count them as they slumber in their beds.

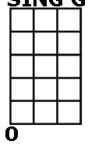
Gm Dm Eb Dm Eb Dm Am7-5 D7

If you're worried and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-stead of sheep

Gm GmM7 Gm7 C7 Cm7 F7 Bb

And you'll fall a - sleep, counting your bless - ings.

SING G

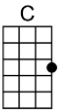
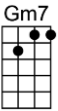


IT'S GOING TO TAKE SOME TIME THIS TIME

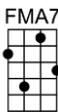
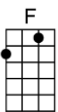
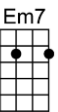
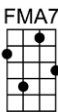
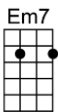
4/4 1...2...1234

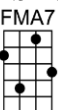
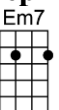
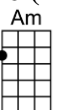
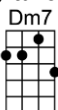
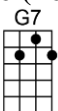
-Carole King/Toni Stern

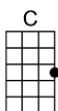
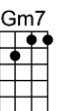
Intro:   (alternating)  (X2)

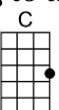
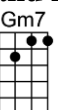
 
It's going to take some time this time to get myself in shape

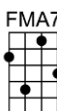
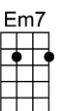
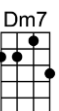
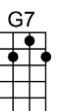
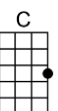
 
I really fell out of line this time, I really missed the gate

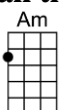
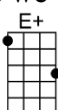
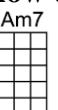
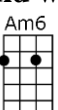
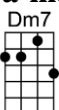
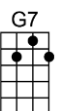
 (or )   
The birds on the telephone line (next time) are cryin' out to me (next time)

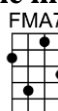
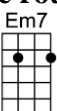

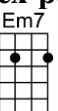
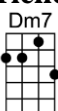
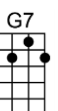
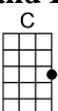
    
And I won't be so blind next time, and I'll find some harmony

 
But it's going to take some time this time, and I can't make demands

 
But like the young trees in the wintertime, I'll learn how to bend

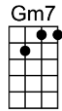
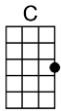
    
After all the tears we've spent, how could we make a-mends

     
So it's one more round for ex-perience, and I'm on the road again

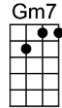
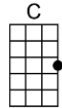
      
And it's going to take some time this time

p.2. It's Going To Take Some Time This Time

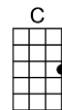
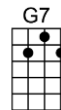
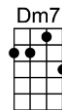
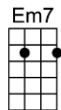
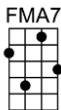
Interlude: Chords of 1st verse



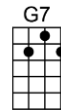
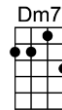
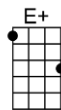
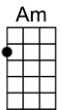
It's going to take some time this time, no matter what I've planned



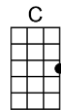
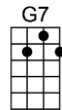
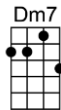
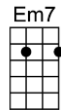
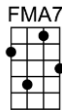
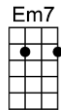
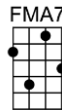
And like the young trees in the wintertime, I'll learn how to bend



After all the tears we've spent, how could we make a-mends

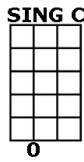


So it's one more round for ex-perience, and I'm on the road again



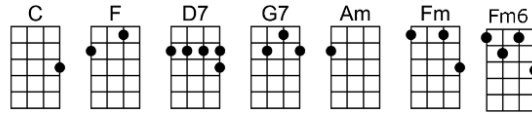
And it's going to take some time this time

Outro: Same as intro (fade)



FOREVER AND EVER AMEN - Schlitz/Overstreet

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

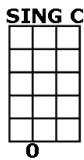


Intro: C (4 measures)

C F C F C
 You may think that I'm talkin' foolish. You've heard that I'm wild and I'm free
 F C D7 G7
 You may wonder how I can promise you now, this love, that I feel for you, always will be
 C F C F C
 But, you're not just time that I'm killin', I'm no longer one of those guys
 F C D7 G7
 As sure as I live, this love that I give, is gonna be yours until the day that I die
 C F C F C
 Oh, baby, I'm gonna love you for-ever, for-ever and ever, a-men
 F C
 As long as old men sit and talk about the weather
 D7 G7
 As long as old women sit and talk about old men
 C F C F D7
 If you wonder how long I'll be faithful, I'll be happy to tell you a-gain
 F G7 C F D7 G7 C
 I'm gonna love you for-ever and ever, for-ever and ever, a-men

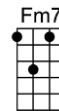
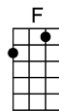
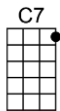
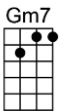
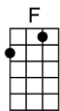
Interlude: F G7 C F D7 G7 C

C F C F C
 They say time takes its toll on a body, makes the young girl's brown hair turn grey
 F C D7 G7
 But, honey, I don't care, I ain't in love with your hair, and if it all fell out, well, I'd love you anyway
 C F C F C
 They say time can play tricks on a memory, makes people forget things they knew.
 F C D7 G7
 Well, it's easy to see it's happenin' to me, I've al-ready forgotten every woman but you
 C F C F C
 Oh, darlin', I'm gonna love you for-ever, for-ever and ever, a-men
 F C
 As long as old men sit and talk about the weather
 D7 G7
 As long as old women sit and talk about old men
 C F C F D7
 If you wonder how long I'll be faithful, well, just listen to how this song ends
 F G7 C F D7 G7 C
 I'm gonna love you for-ever and ever, for-ever and ever, a-men
 F G7 C F D7 G7
 I'm gonna love you for-ever and ever, for-ever and ever
 Am F D7 G7 F Fm Fm6 C
 For-ever and ever, for-ever and ever, a-men

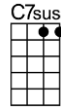
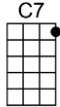
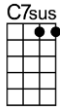
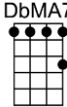
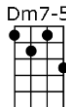


PENNY LANE - Lennon and McCartney

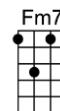
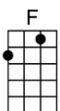
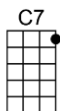
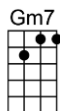
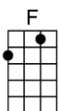
4/4 1...2...123



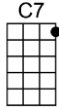
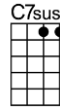
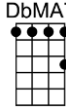
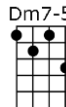
In Penny Lane, there is a barber showing photographs of every head he's had the pleasure to know



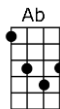
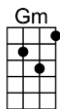
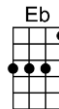
And all the people that come and go, stop and say, "Hello"



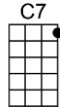
On the corner is a banker with a motorcar, and little children laugh at him behind his back



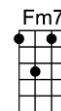
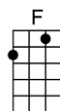
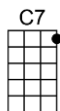
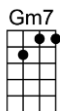
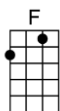
And the banker never wears a mac in the pouring rain, very strange



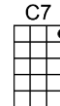
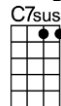
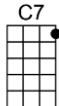
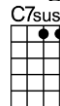
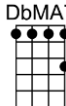
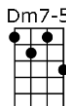
Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes



There, beneath the blue suburban skies, I sit, and meanwhile back

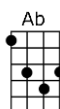
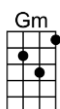
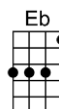


In Penny Lane there is a fireman with an hourglass, and in his pocket is a portrait of the Queen

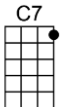
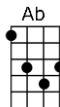
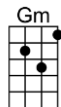
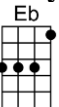


He likes to keep his fire engine clean, it's a clean machine

Interlude: 2nd verse

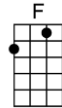
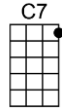
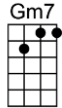
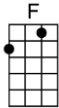


Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes

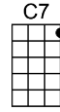
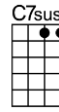
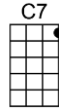
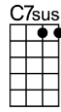
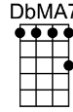
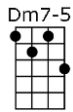


Full of fish and finger pies in summer, meanwhile back

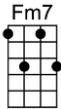
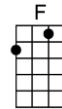
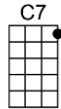
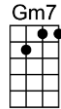
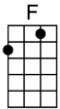
p.2. Penny Lane



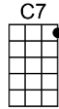
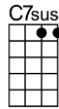
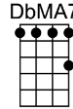
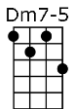
Behind the shelter in the middle of a roundabout, the pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray



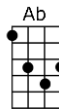
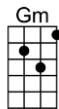
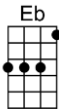
And though she feels as if she's in a play, she is anyway



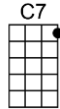
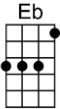
In Penny Lane, the barber shaves another customer. We see the banker sitting, waiting for a trim



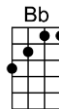
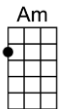
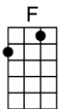
And then the fireman rushes in from the pouring rain, very strange



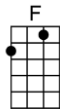
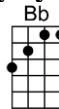
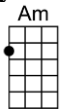
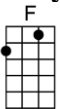
Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes



There, beneath the blue suburban skies, I sit, and meanwhile back



Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes

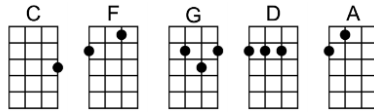


There, beneath the blue suburban skies, Penny Lane

MAMMAS, DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS

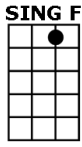
3/4 123 123

-Patsy Bruce/Ed Bruce



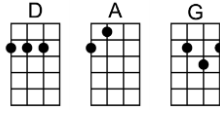
Intro: C (4 measures)

C F
Cowboys ain't easy to love, and they're harder to hold
G C
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
C F
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levis, and each night begins a new day
G C
If you don't understand him, an' he don't die young, he'll probably just ride a-way
C F
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
G
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks
C
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
C F
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
G C
They'll never stay home and they're always alone, even with someone they love
D G
Cowboys like smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornin's
A D
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
D
Them that don't know him won't like him and them that do
G
Sometimes won't know how to take him
A
He ain't wrong, he's just different, but his pride won't let him
D
Do things to make you think he's right
D G
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks
D
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
D G
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A D
They'll never stay home and they're always alone, even with someone they love
A D G D
They'll never stay home and they're always alone, even with someone they love



UP AROUND THE BEND - John Fogarty

4/4 1...2...1234



Intro: | D | / | A | D | (X2)

D A D
 There's a place up ahead, and I'm goin', just as fast as my feet can fly
 D A D
 Come away, come away if you're goin', leave the sinkin' ship be-hind.

G D A G D A
 Come on the risin' wind, we're goin' up a-round the bend. Ooh!

D A D
 Bring a song and a smile for the fans, Joe, better get while the gettin' 's good,
 D A D
 Hitch a ride to the end of the highway, where the neons turn to wood.

G D A G D A
 Come on the risin' wind, we're goin' up a-round the bend. Ooh!

D A D
 You can ponder perpetual motion, fix your mind on a crystal day,
 D A D
 Always time for good conversation, there's an ear for what you say.

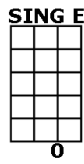
G D A G D A
 Come on the risin' wind, we're goin' up a-round the bend. Yeah!

Interlude: Chords of first 3 lines

D A D
 Catch a ride to the end of the highway, and we'll meet by the big red tree,
 D A D
 There's a place up ahead, and I'm goin', come along, come along with me.

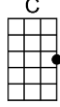

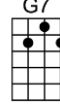
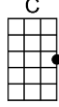
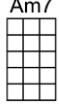
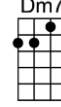
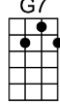
G D A G D A
 Come on the risin' wind, we're goin' up a-round the bend. Yeah!

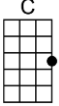
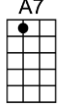
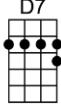
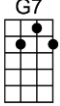
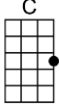
Outro: | D | / | A | D | / | / | A | A D |



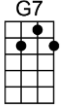
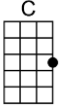
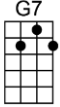
SUNSHINE-Irving Berlin

4/4 1...2...1234

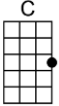
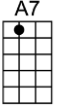
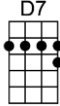
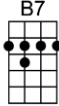
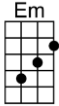
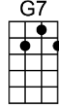
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

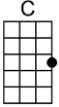
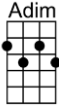
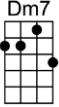
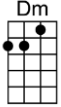
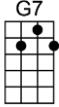
A lot of cobwebs in your head you're getting rusty so you said

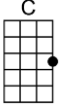
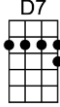
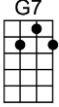
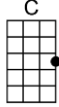
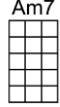
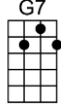
You're feeling bad, and everything looks gray in-side

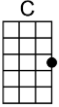
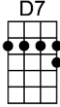
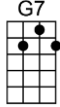
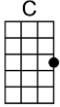
You're getting worried, yes, indeed. I know exactly what you need

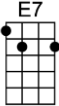
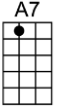
A little sunshine will make you feel o-kay

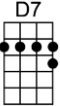
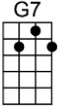
Give the blues a chase, find a sunny place, go on and paint your face with sunshine

Pay your doctor bills, throw away his pills, you can cure your ills with sunshine

Why don't you take your teardrops one by one before it gets too late

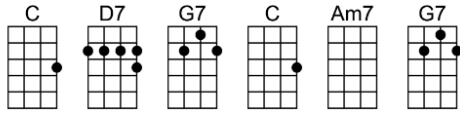
Hang them up out in the sun, and they'll evapo-rate

p.2. Sunshine



When the troubles start pounding at your heart, trouble will de-part with sunshine.

Interlude:



Give the blues a chase, find a sunny place, go on and paint your face with sunshine



Pay your doctor bills, throw away his pills, you can cure your ills with sunshine



Why don't you take your teardrops one by one before it gets too late



Hang them up out in the sun, and they'll evapo-rate



When the troubles start pounding at your heart, trouble will de-part with sunshine.

SUNSHINE-Irving Berlin

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | C | / | D7 | / | G7 | / | C Am7 | Dm7 G7 |

C A7 D7 G7 C
A lot of cobwebs in your head you're getting rusty so you said

 G7 C G7
You're feeling bad, and everything looks gray in-side

C A7 D7 B7 Em G7
You're getting worried, yes, indeed. I know exactly what you need

C Adim Dm7 Dm G7
A little sunshine will make you feel o-kay

 C D7 G7 C Am7 G7
Give the blues a chase, find a sunny place, go on and paint your face with sunshine

 C D7 G7 C
Pay your doctor bills, throw away his pills, you can cure your ills with sunshine

 E7 A7
Why don't you take your teardrops one by one before it gets too late

 D7 G7
Hang them up out in the sun, and they'll evapo-rate

 C D7 G7 C Am7 Dm7 G7
When the troubles start pounding at your heart, trouble will de-part with sunshine.

Interlude: C D7 G7 C Am7 G7

 C D7 G7 C Am7 G7
Give the blues a chase, find a sunny place, go on and paint your face with sunshine

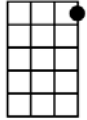
 C D7 G7 C
Pay your doctor bills, throw away his pills, you can cure your ills with sunshine

 E7 A7
Why don't you take your teardrops one by one before it gets too late

 D7 G7
Hang them up out in the sun, and they'll evapo-rate

 C D7 G7 C F C Cadd9
When the troubles start pounding at your heart, trouble will de-part with sunshine.

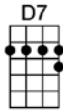
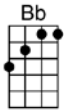
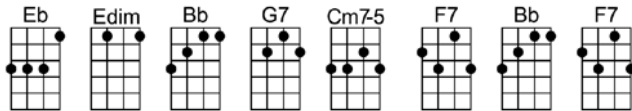
SING Bb



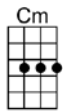
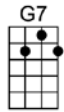
ALL OF ME

4/4 1...2...1234

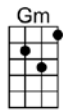
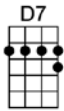
Intro:



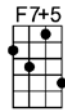
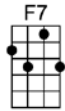
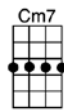
All of me, why not take all of me?



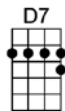
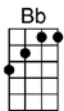
Can't you see I'm no good with-out you?



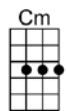
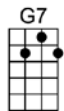
Take my lips, I want to lose them.



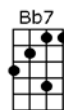
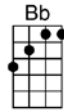
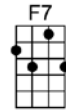
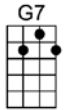
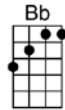
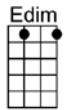
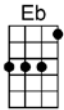
Take my arms, I'll never use them.



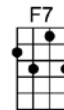
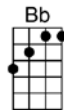
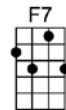
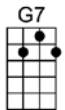
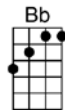
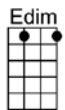
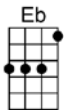
Your good-byes left me with eyes that cry.



How can I go on, dear, with-out you?

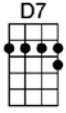
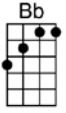


You took the part that once was my heart, so why not take all of me?

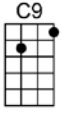
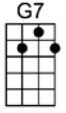


You took the part that once was my heart, so why not take all of me?

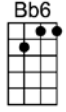
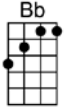
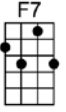
I'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE



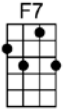
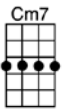
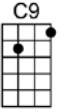
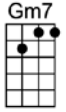
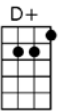
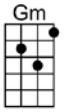
It seems to me I've heard that song be-fore.



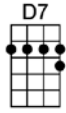
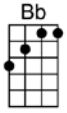
It's from an old familiar score, I know it well, that melo-dy



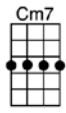
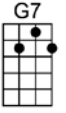
It's funny how a theme recalls a favorite dream



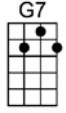
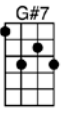
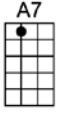
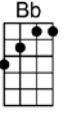
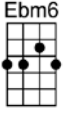
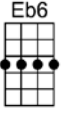
A dream that brought you so close to me



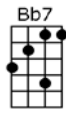
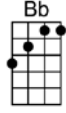
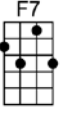
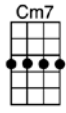
I know each word, because I've heard that song be-fore



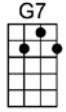
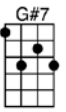
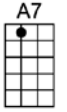
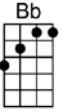
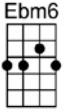
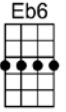
The lyrics said: "forever-more, forevermore's a memo-ry"



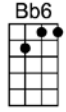
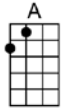
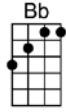
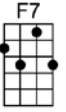
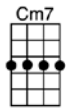
Please have them play it again, and I'll re-member just when



I heard that lovely song be-fore



Please have them play it again, and I'll re-member just when



I heard that lovely song be-fore